

# The L O V E R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

*Who taught the Parrot humane Notes to try,  
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pie?  
'Twas witty Want fierce Hunger to appease:  
Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.* Dryden's Persius.

Saturday, April 3. 1714.

**M**RS. Anne Page was smiling very graciously upon me, in a Dream betwixt seven and eight yesterday Morning, when three thundering Knocks at my Door drove the fair Image from my Fancy, as Diana was hurried to the Moon by the Cymbals and Trumpets of *Heraclea*. My Servant came up to me, while I was cursing the rude Hand that had disturbed me; and delivered me a Letter, which was given him, as he said, by a lusty fresh-coloured young Man in an Embroidered Coat, who promised to call upon me, two Days hence, at the same Hour. The dread of such another Noise made me break open the Letter with some Precipitation.

Mr. MYRTLE,

MY Story in short is this. My Father kept me under, after I came from School, and snubbed me consumedly, till I was Five and twenty; and then he died, and left me Three thousand *per Annum*. I came to London, this Winter, where I am to be married to a fine young Lady, when I can get her in the Mind. But, I don't know how, there is no pleasing of her. She hath made my Heart ache so often, that I have resolved to follow somebody else; but she hath such a way with her Eyes, that I cannot do without her. When I first came to Town, I heard she should say, how that I was so *Rough*! Upon which I shaved every Day, and washed my Hands once in half an Hour, for a Week together. Being informed, that she hoped I might be *Polished* in time, I got a broad *French Beaver*, and an Embroider'd Coat, that cost me Threescore Pound. I cannot indeed blame her for complaining that I have no *Taste*, for I have lost my Stomach; and I entirely agree with her that I want *Air*, for I am almost choaked in this smoaky Town. But this is not  
(Price Two Pence.)

all. She hath given out, that she wishes I would Travel: And she told me no longer since than yesterday, that the Man she married should make the *Tour of Italy*. Now, Sir, I would be at any Expence, in Building, to please her; but as for going into Out-landish Countries, I thank her for That. In short, she would have me out of the way. For you must know, there is a little Snipper-snapper from *Oxford* that is mightily in her Books. I don't know how it comes to pass; but though he hath but a plain grey Suit, he hath such a fawning way with him, that my Mind migives me plaguily. He hath Words at his Fingers ends, and I can say nothing but he hath some Answer or another that puts me out; and yet he talks so, that one cannot be Angry neither. He always reads your *LOVERS* to her, and I hear her say often, that she should like such an ingenious Man as Mr. MYRTLE. Now, what I desire is your Advice; for, as I told you before, I cannot do without her. I am a hearty Fellow, and believe me, if you do me any Good, you shall have Gloves, and dance at my Wedding.

Your humble Servant to Command,

Timothy Gubbin.

It falls out very luckily that I can recommend Mr. Gubbin to a Person for his Purpose, without further risking my own Repose. The following Letter, which I received a Week ago, shall serve for an Answer to His. And I further declare, that I constitute the Author thereof my Esquire, according to the Prayer of his Petition. I have accordingly assigned him an Apartment in the *Lover's Lodge*; and shall further encourage him as I find his Merits answerable to his Pretensions.

Laun-

Launcelot Bayes to MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

*Courteous Knight,*

AS you are a Professor and Patron of Love, I throw my self at your Feet to beg a Boon of you. When I have told you my Story, you will confess that I am the most Amorous and Chaste of Swains. I am, Sir, by Profession, an Author, and the Scene of my Labours is a Garret. My Genius leads me to Love, and I have a gentle manner. When I have occasion for Money, I fancy to my self a Lady, and write such soft things, as you would bleis your self to hear. But living at present in the City, where such Ware fetches but little, I shall, without your Assistance, fall shortly into great Poverty of Imagination. Would you believe it, Sir? I have lived this Month on a Posie for a Ring.

My Request is, that I may be transplanted from this barren Soil into *Covent-Garden*. My greatest Ambition is to be received in the Quality of Esquire to so courteous a Knight as you are; to carry your Pen in this your gentle Warfare, and do the Squirely Offices established in this Order of Chivalry. You may not perhaps find me unqualified to take some Drudgeries off your Hands, which you must otherwise undergo; and may possibly appoint me Sub-tutor to the *British Savages*, before they approach the Fair. It is thought sufficient that the Tailor and Dancing-master have managed an awkward Boy at his first coming to Town: Nay, upon the strength of a Box of *fine Myrtle Barcelona*, a young Fellow, now-a-days, sets up for Love and Gallantry. The ill Success of such unformed Cavaliers, makes a Person of my Talents necessary in a civilized Country. You know, the Ladies will be attacked in form, before they listen to Terms, and though they do not absolutely insist upon Hanging or Drowning, they think it but decent, that such Attempts be made in Rhyme and Sonnet. I believe you will agree with me, that no Woman of Spirit thinks a Man hath any Respect for her, 'till he hath plaid the Fool in her Service; and the mean Opinion that Sex hath of a Poet, makes anything in Metre, from a Lover, an agreeable Sacrifice to their Vanity.

Now, since there are few Heads turned both for Drefs and Politeness, since witty Sayings seldom break out from two Rows of fine Teeth, and true Spelling is not often the Work of a pretty Hand: I propose, for the good of my Country, to set up a Toy-shop of written Baubles, and Poetical Trinkets. The Perfumes of Flattery, the Cordials of Vows, the Salts of Wit, and the Washes of Panegyrick are ranged in due order, and placed in proper Receptacles, to be retailed out at reasonable Prices. Here the Spark may be furnished with Satyrical Lashes, when he has lost his Clouded Cane. Here he may purchase Points, Conceits, and Repartees, as useful against an Enemy as the nicest Pushes his Fencing-Master can teach him. The most graceful Bow, he can learn, shall be still improved by a Compliment I can put in his Mouth; and, to say no more, his Periwig shall, by my means, be the least valuable thing upon his Shoulders.

No generous Lover will repine at my good Fortune, when he hears that I get a warm Coat by that which gains him the Embraces of a Bride. While he feasts all his Senses, I shall content my self with the Luxury of some Meat, and much Drink. Thus, an equal Distribution will be made of Worldly Pleasures. As They become undoubtedly Happy, I shall grow undoubtedly Fat; Hearts will be at Rest, and Dunns be payed. The following List of my Wares I desire you to advertile; which will not fail, I hope, to bring Customers, and may lay a Foundation for the Commerce of Love in this Trading Island.

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Double Entendres, and Feeling Language, collected from the Works of the most celebrated Poetesses of the Age.  
Vows for young Virgins, to be sold by Number; and Flattery for old Maids, by Weight.  
Raptures, Transports, and Exclamations, at a Crown a Dozen.  
Turtles, Fountains, Grottoes, Forests, Roses, Tigresses, Rocks and Nightingales, at common Prices.

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